



# CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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*October & November, 1918*

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Wanderings—Autumn Gold  
Attacked by Helix Pisana  
An August Day in the Mountains  
In the Gardens



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# The California Garden

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WE are still being asked all kinds of pointed questions by government and near government officials relative to the conduct of this magazine. They want to know all about the folks who read it, why and when they do so and how peeved they would be if they did not get it. Then there are questions about how many subscribers are in arrears with their subscriptions coupled with a demand that they be cut off and cast into outer darkness. How much paper do we use of what quality and weight and would not you be satisfied with less of both. These are only a few sample questions, but I don't know the answers to these or any of the others. Moreover, all kinds of people seem to think we have some influence with you which would be laughable if not so pathetic and they send us printed speeches they made at far Eastern gatherings and not one of them has anything to do with a garden. The last one was a screech of warning against Wilson as a sort of national pater familias who wanted to be good to everybody which was against all party precedent and political form, but we are so darned satisfied with Wilson and all his works that we should be glad to be able to call him Papa. Single tax, dental fees, cemetery taxation, income tax vagaries, anything except the reason why hens don't lay when eggs hover round the \$1 mark, and what we shall do this winter to keep the villainous striped headed sparrow out of our garden. This is a country of free speech, devilish free speech, and we have the curious spectacle of a secret ballot to enable each voter to vote as he likes side by side with the spoken and written efforts of everybody else to make him vote their way. Our public thoroughfares are decorated with pictures purporting to be ideal candidates for the offices in our gift and really intelligent, well-meaning men allow the most horrible caricatures of themselves to be posted just because they know in them lies our salvation. It is a darned funny old world but

will be a good one nevertheless once more when that little job in Europe is done and we get back to our own private scraps. Why, no one has called another a liar or even hinted a misstatement had been made for six months and we are getting quite dull. Perhaps we are going to pull together for awhile and the smokestack will lie down with the geranium and a certain party will furnish both with water out of his own pocket.

By the time this is printed the Influenza visitation will have either gone by or be making its adieu, at least we hope so, and we can laugh about the masks we wore or did not. We started for town bound straight for a mask, but on the way passed a first aid to autos station where three dark gentlemen wore masks, at midday even too grimy to seem possible fastened in front of one's nose and mouth, and within a block encountered a lady in an electric gorgeously draped below the eyes with a beautiful old lace curtain upon which not even a Flu germ would dare to light, and then a friend suggested the good old pocket-handkerchief. One drug store was swathed to the eyes in gauze, another had only its own variegated smell as protection. Meanwhile the germ fell here and there upon the masked and the maskless and the doctors disagreed and the white robed nurses squirted the throats and noses of the multitude. The only thing we are sure of is that we agree with the Arizona Kicker in its sentiments expressed at the death of a noted citizen, it said, "Colonel ——— died yesterday of a carbuncle,—Damn a carbuncle anyway." So say we about Spanish Influenza.

We are obliged to write thus discursively this month, because nobody has been allowed to meet any one else for discussion. Of course twos met but either we talked all the time or were aching to when the other chap did, so we have no real information and our own gardening has been somewhat neglected while we broke in an untamed walking tractor. We are led to believe that

the manufacturers so call it because the operator is supposed to walk, but for some weeks we found this very difficult. We ran or we stood still while the little engine snorted derisively. We turned corners according to the machine's erratic ideas sometimes decently both as to speed and contour, but most often in parabolas and other strange figures at a trot. Perhaps we were

never so hot as after our first hour's practice. It is only fair to add that though the tractor hardly feeds out of the hand yet it is beginning to justify the "walking" part of its cognomen and has done some plowing and cultivating. Public demonstrations are still taboed and private interviews only occur by special appointment.

## The Flower Garden

Miss Mary Matthews

November is a good month to go over your garden. To get rid of all weeds that have started since the rain turn vacant soil over to at least a spade's depth and work in some well-rotted manure. When your bulbs are planted or seedlings are growing it is best to use a trowel and work carefully around them. All bulbous plants will be benefited at this time by having bone meal worked in around them and if the ground is at all dry give a good watering. Continue to plant bulbs this month. This is a good time for the Spanish Iris, so popular and so sure to bloom. The last of this month put in Anemones and ranunculus. They like a cool moist situation, shade part of the day and a sandy soil. Do not forget to soak them some hours in tepid water and plant ranunculus with claws downward. When buying your sparaxis be sure to order some Ixias at the same time. They are closely related but the latter are much more brilliant when in bloom. During November is a good time to sow seeds of hardy annuals where they are to bloom. Have the soil in a good mellow condition and when the seedlings are large enough thin them out. Stocks are very fragrant and give good cutting material during the late winter and spring. Sowing of seeds should be made at intervals for a prolonged season of bloom. The best varieties are Princess Alice, pink, and Beauty of Nice, white.

Transplant the Romneya, or Matillija Poppy. They are very hard to establish. In some spots they refuse absolutely to grow; in other places they flourish at a great rate. They prefer a dry rocky soil and no irrigation after they are once established.

Plant any hardy shrubs that you may desire in your garden and though they may not commence to grow right away from the top, they will be making a root growth and will flourish in the spring, that is, if they are thoroughly watered when first put out. Failure is sure to follow where a plant is dry and root bound. The hole for the shrub or

plant should always be large enough to take the roots straightened out in their natural position. Have good drainage in the bottom, your soil loose and well incorporated with manure before putting back. Allow all shrubs to grow naturally, spreading out in all directions. One or two planted in this way will be far more effective than a dozen bunched together. It is also interesting to have several varieties of one species. Arnold Arboretum is making a collection of every kind of philadelphus (mock orange). There are now numerous hybrids in these which are beautiful and include single and double flowers. They claim that the blooming season of these will equal that of the lilacs which is one of the great shows of the arboretum during the spring. Thousands visit the grounds daily to see them. Here in California several firms are starting nurseries for the propagation of these things. Also bulb farms are being started, and the growing of seeds especially new and rare things, so that there is a chance for one and all of us to do our bit—take just one thing, maybe, and bring it to perfection.

You can't eat your sugar and give it to the soldiers too.

The sugar S. O. S. is a do-it-now call—for what is not well done now will not be done at all.

The International Sugar Commission took stock of the sugar on hand, subtracted Allied requirements, and allotted America her share, then the Food Administration counted noses and announced two pounds per for our folks. Has anybody a better plan?

Only the simple life is honorable or even decent today.

Give your neighbor a lift—this war is a single front under a single command—what is anybody's trouble is everybody's trouble.



# Uncle Sam Says "Save Seed"



AVING seed from the home garden—a practice that was the rule in earliest times—is the cheapest and best way of insuring a supply for planting next spring. Saving a garden seed is an emergency measure; the supply is limited, yet thousands of people had gardens this year and last year who never raised them before. There is but one general principle, say garden specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, underlying the production of good vegetable seed, and you probably know it; save seed from the best plants. Seeds should not be gathered until maturity, the specialists add, and should be properly dried, placed in suitable containers, carefully labeled, and stored in a dry place where insects or mice cannot get at them.

Even if the scarcity of seed does not emphasize the importance of saving a supply from the home garden, there are advantages to be gained by the later plan. The selection which the gardener gives his seed plants, while not greater than that which the seed grower gives his seed stock, is often better than can be given to the seed that is placed on the market. The plants selected also will be the ones which succeed best under the local environments. Well-matured seeds, if properly stored, with the possible exception of those of parsnip and onion, should retain their vitality from 5 to 10 years, and for this reason it is urged that an abundant supply be saved, for if it is not all planted next spring, it can be laid away for the following year.

## Mark Good Plants.

Very little care is required to save seed for a home supply. With plants like beans and peas, which are gathered for food before the seeds are mature, a few of the finest plants should be marked and the seeds which they produce allowed to ripen completely. In making such selections it is best to choose plants alike in varietal character and earliness. Never save seeds from plants that have suffered from disease attacks. In selecting sweet corn for seed, select the best and earliest ears, mark them and allow them to mature on the plant before they are harvested. The ears should be dried immediately after harvesting and stored "on the cob." In having cucumber and squash seed, select and mark fruits of desirable character while in the usable stage and allow them to remain on the vines until fully ripe, then remove the seeds and spread them out to dry before storage. In selecting tomatoes and potatoes

for seed the vigor, productiveness, and freedom from disease in the plants should be taken into consideration.

Seeds which have been grown and carefully saved should be well labeled and stored, or all the previous labor goes for nothing. Cloth bags are the best containers for large seeds, such as peas, beans, and corn. They should be used also for large quantities of small seeds, but for smaller lots, paper envelopes, made at home or purchased, are most desirable. Ordinary letter envelopes are fairly satisfactory, but usually are not gummed so as to close completely, and if handled carelessly, small seeds may sift out of them.

Correct labeling is of paramount importance. Every envelope or container should show the kind and variety of seed, the date, including month and year when harvested, and the place where grown. For the cloth bags, a slip of paper bearing all this information should be inserted with the seed. It is very convenient also to have a tag on the outside of the bag, but on no account should the inner label be omitted, because of the liability of loss of the outside tag.

## Protection From Pests.

Many seeds, especially beans, corn, and lettuce, are subject to injury by a number of insects, all of which may be destroyed by fumigation with carbon disulphid. A tight tin pail, box, or barrel makes an excellent container for fumigating seeds. For a tight barrel full of seeds one-half cupful of carbon disulphid is sufficient. For smaller containers, use in proportion. Seeds to be fumigated must be dry, and if they are in paper bags, the bags should be opened. The gas penetrates cloth bags easily. Immediately after starting the fumigation, the container should be covered with several thicknesses of heavy paper, or other tight cover, and allowed to remain covered from one to two days. A longer fumigation in tin pails is apt to injure the germinating power of the seeds. Carbon disulphid gas is highly inflammable. No lights or fire of any sort should be allowed near while fumigation is in progress, or an explosion may occur. The foul odor of the gas disappears after the seeds have been aired for several days.

After the seed has been properly labeled, and fumigated, if required, it is necessary to store in a dry, well-ventilated room. Cellars are too moist, attics are usually too hot, but a second-story room furnishes the ideal location. Seed can be protected against mice by storing in tin boxes or mouse-proof wooden boxes, or by suspending in cloth bags.

# Wanderings

By G. L. Fleming

**I**N the second of August the writer began a trip that took him the length of California, Oregon and Washington. This little article will be an attempt to describe to you the farms, orchards, gardens, and landscape features as seen from a fast moving train.

Most of you are familiar with the scenery about Los Angeles, and the San Fernando Valley. Down toward the coast is Oxnard and the principle sugar beet section of California. Then the bean fields of Ventura County. At Summerland the skeleton-like oil-derricks march down the hills, over the cliffs, and out into the ocean; their pumps drawing up the fluid that is almost as precious as gold.

Many California Poppies and other native wild flowers were in bloom beside the railway. Somewhere near Carpinteria I saw a fine group of giant Draceanas growing down very near the beach line.

Above Santa Barbara the trees and shrubs common to Southern California, began to give way to their cousins of the north part of the State. Pepper trees, eucalyptus, and palms were still in evidence in the home plantings.

Paso Robles is well named "The pass of the oaks", for there were great oaks everywhere.

The rich Salinas Valley had a temperature of 140 C., the day we passed thru. There seemed to be considerable activity in real estate transfers, if one was to judge from the dust in the air. Miles of eucalyptus wind-breaks have been planted at intervals across the valley to discourage the ever prevailing winds.

The famous country about Santa Clara and San Jose was hidden from us by the night.

Leaving San Francisco at 10:30 on August 4th we enjoyed a daylight ride up the Sacramento Valley. This is probably one of the richest agricultural sections of the State. We passed large fields that had been in grain, potato planting, and great belts of alfalfa. Toward evening we saw rich paddies stretching away as far as the eye could see.

The eucalyptus, peppers and palms were still part of the town plantings. They were often crowded in with great maples and oaks.

Daylight left us at Chico, and the next morning we awoke in Oregon, high up in the Siskiyou. Giant firs and pine, large-leaved maple, vine-maple, and the beautiful "madrone", controlled the hillsides. Here and there one saw the California laurel, which same is called "myrtle" in Oregon, probably

because the scent of the crushed leaves resembles the fragrance of the classic myrtle. The undergrowth was chiefly made up of manzanita and sage-brush in the exposed places, and of ceanothus, hazel, and thimbleberry, on the sheltered slopes. There were ferns, too, and other interesting small growth.

The road through these mountains is a fine bit of engineering. In one place it makes a complete turn, so that the train in entering a tunnel passes under the track above it, over which the train had traveled not ten minutes before.

As we went down into the Rouge River Valley two varieties of oak were added to the list of trees. One was a live oak and the other the deciduous oak.

Ashland, Medford, and Grant's Pass are all prosperous towns surrounded by apple and pear orchards. And it is not much more than fifty years ago since the white settlers and the Indians were having considerable of an argument as to who should own the valley.

Roseburg, in the Umqua Valley, is also set in a favored fruit section.

By mid-afternoon we were rolling down the Willamette Valley, past fine farms, through Eugene, the site of the State University, Salem, the Capitol City, of which I may tell more in another story, and on along the famous river, which is a real river, of which, one of Oregon's poets wrote something like the following: "Onward, onward lovely river. Time that claims us, maims and mars us. Leaves no path or mark on tree."

Night had been with us several hours when we passed the Willamette Falls. These have been harnessed to furnish power for the big woolen mills and paper mills of Oregon City, and to supply light and electric energy for a large territory.

Arriving at Portland, close connections were made with the train North, and the run to Seattle was made in the dark hours.

From Seattle to Everett the Great Northern trains travel along the shore line of the Sound. Many sawmills, shingle-mills and timber by-product factories are placed along this twenty miles of road. At Everett the trains enter the Snohomish Valley and follow up the river of the same name. This valley is one of Washington's richest dairy sections. Leaving the Snohomish, we proceeded up the Skykomish and into the Alpine country.

Nearly all the streams of the Northwest still possess their Indian names and but very few of the present generation, either white or Indian, know the meaning of these names.

The Skykomish leads the railroad into a



wonderful mountain country. Magnificent forests; towering peaks, whose tops are clothed in white, and from these tops silver ribbons flow down and are inserted into the green of the forest below, to emerge at the road bed a rushing, tumbling mountain stream.

At Scenic the road leaves the valley and takes a zig-zag course up the mountain side. At one point it is possible to see the track on four benches below, the lower one in the valley is some fifteen hundred feet down. The running distance is seven miles. Owing to the heavy snow slides during the winter months this stretch of track is almost entirely covered with a heavily timbered roof. Some of the sheds are of reinforced concrete.

At the top of the grade a tunnel, three miles in length, pierces the mountain. There is a little railroad village at the west entrance called Tyee, where are housed the big electric locomotives that pull the trains through the tunnel.

Tyree lies in a sort of hollow on the mountain side. It is made up of a rooming house, store, church, school house, and probably twenty small dwellings. Each and every one is connected to its neighbor by a wooden tunnel, or covered walk, for this little village in a favorite winter haunt of the Snow King and he often spreads a blanket so thick that the houses are covered entirely.

At the east end of the tunnel is another village, Cascade, also a station for the elec-

tric locomotives, and is a home for the great rotary snow plows. This village is more favorably situated than its sister through the mountain, for it is built on a mesa. The inhabitants can shovel their way about quite conveniently.

We were now on the east side of the Cascade mountains, in the Columbia Basin and soon were entering Tumwater Canyon and traveling down the upper course of the Wenatchee River.

Here was more of Nature's wonderful work. A glorious combination of mountain and mighty waters, of trees and flowers and colored rocks. Then we came to man's work. Man had built a dam across the river to stay for a moment its mighty rush, and, by the way of an intake leading to a great pipe, drew from it some of its vast energy. The giant pipe writhed and twisted along the shore like some huge reptile, then it spanned the river by a suspension bridge and entered a powerhouse; the penned waters were forced past rapidly moving wheels and then liberated to the river below. The force of the waters passing the wheel generates the electricity that pulls the long trains through the tunnel near the top of the mountain.

At three in the afternoon our train left the Canyon and entered the Wenatchee Valley, our destination.

The next article will deal with ranching in general and side trips into the mountains.

## Damage Done by Squirrels and Prairie Dogs

It might be of interest to Garden readers to know approximately what the extent of damage to crops by Rodent Pests is in some of the States of the Union. (Reports on this damage submitted by the State Directors of Agricultural Extension to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., are as follows:

Montana—\$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000.  
 North Dakota—\$6,000,000 to \$9,000,000.  
 Kansas—\$12,000,000.  
 Colorado—\$2,000,000.  
 Wyoming—15% of all crops.  
 Nevada—15% of all crops or about \$1,000,000.  
 New Mexico—\$1,200,000 loss to crops; \$2,400,000 loss to range.

This covers particularly the damage wrought

by prairie dogs and ground squirrels. Certain States and Counties have revolving funds by means of which poison bait is purchased, prepared and distributed at cost to the growers of its counties. Many of the Counties of California operating under this plan are preparing poisoned grain according to the formula furnished by the United States Biological Survey.

San Diego County has distributed in this way somewhat over two tons of this poisoned bait, which has been placed with over 800 different persons. The results from this way of poisoning have been exceedingly gratifying. With constant activity along these lines it should be possible to partially or even completely control this pest in this county.

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## Hospital Flower Committee needs Pasteboard Bxs

# The Making of a Rosebed

By F. W. BODE

The time is at hand, when the Rosebeds should be prepared. If you have the choice of several soils or locations; a good loamy soil with good drainage is preferable and a location with East to Southeast exposure where strong winds are absent is most desirable. After the location has been chosen the beds should be subsoiled; this is done by digging a trench 2 feet wide and 2 feet deep along one end of the bed and wheel this soil to the other end of the bed. Place 6 inches of well rotted manure in this trench and begin to dig another. Ditch along this first one. Throw the soil of the second ditch in the first one on top of the 6 inches manure until half filled then put 6 inches manure on top of this soil in the first trench and dig the second trench as deep as the first one (2 feet) filling up the first trench with this soil. Continue putting the third into the second and so on until you come to the end of the bed, where the soil of the first one will fill the last ditch. You will find that the dug area is somewhat above the undug, but after a few waterings will settle considerably. It is therefore evident that this operation should be started as soon as possible in order to allow the winter rains to settle the beds and help rot the manure, before the planting takes place. There are some soils in this locality where it is not advisable to dig this deep, on account of hardpan, gravel or heavy clay being too near the surface).

The bed so prepared should be frequently cultivated, at least after every rain and all weeds should be killed: Previous to planting put 6 inches manure on top of bed and dig well in. The art of digging is not as well understood as most of us would think. In my practice I have met but few men who knew how to dig well. If bed is level take a spadefull out all along one end and move it to the other end, then scrape some manure in this small trench, thereby cleaning enough ground to the second furrow throwing the soil evenly on top of the manure in the first trench and so on. If bed is on slope, begin digging on lower end throwing the soil of first furrow up and proceed as before. In most cases it will not be necessary to wheel the soil to other end, where there is a good slope. The bed is now prepared and ready for planting.

Here arises the old question, whether to get ownrooted stock or budded. Much has been written for and against both stocks, but summed up, the own rooted stock does not produce wild suckers; while the budded stock is said to produce stronger growth, which is

true of some varieties, but is certainly open to discussion. Anyone who is not convinced, better go up to the Balboa Rosegarden and I can assure him of having a hard time guessing which is which, altho the budded stock is in the majority in this place. Budded stock is often planted too deep. It then throws roots from the bud and finally becomes ownrooted. Budded stock should be planted so the bulb is about one or two inches below the surface. This would bring the bud in the cultivated layer of soil, where the bud is not very likely to throw the wild stock, as the root growth out of the bud is discouraged by frequent cultivation. If bud is exposed it tends to drying out of same and discourages the making of new shoots from the bud. Own rooted stock should be planted one or two inches deeper than previous planting, according to the size of stock used. The distance between roses should be 4 or 5 feet.

Now comes the varieties and this is perhaps the most essential part. There is no pleasure in Rose growing when you can only get one or two blooms to the plant, but by selecting the right varieties 12 to 18 good blooms per plant could be expected, providing they get reasonable care. The following varieties are by no means the only ones and many of you perhaps wonder, why I have not mentioned their favourites; but as there are somewhere near 18,000 varieties (See catalog "Barbier Frere, New Orleans, France) it is impossible to give a complete list which also would be too confusing. In white we have:

Frau Karl Druschki (known some times as "Snow Queen" which is its best description.)

Herbert Stevens (a long pure white but, somewhat weak in stem).

Kaiserin Augusta Victoria (old favorite of cream color and good habit).

In Pink:

Radiance, (probably the best Rose for the amateur, fine dark pink color, good habits, plenty blooms).

Maman Cochet (old favourite, good long bud, free bloomer, but sprawling habit).

Madame Leon Paine (large pink rose, free bloomer).

Winnie Davis, beautiful pointed bud, fair bloomer).

Madame Second Weber (good large pink, fine bloomer).

Wakefield Christy Miller (large bright pink (gives two good crops of flowers a year).

In Red:

General McArthur (for growth and number



of blooms perhaps the best in this locality).

Edward Mawley (gives good result, after one to two years established, very dark).

Laurent Carle (good dark rose, free bloomer.)

Mrs. Arthur E. Coxhead (fine heavy pointed rose, strong stem).

In Yellow and Copper:

Los Angeles (a new variety but will stay long with us, in habit, long stems, color and shape of buds hard to surpass, also a profuse bloomer, its strong growth makes it very desirable for "bad luck Rosegrowers", as they can not fail with this rose, copper).

Mrs. A. R. Waddell (fine pointed Rose (copper with salmon, very fine in bud, good bloomer).

Mrs. Aaron Ward (a splendid Rose, yellow, blending to salmon in center and white on outer petals, very free bloomer. No garden complete without this Rose.

Harry Kirk (fine pure yellow, good bloomer.

After having your varieties on hand, dig liberal sized holes about 4 to 5 feet apart, prune all damaged roots with a sharp knife, not pruning shears, as a smooth cut is desired, which will heal much faster than a bruised

cut with shears. Hold your plant in the hole, as deep as previously explained, spreading the roots out well and filling in the soil with your right hand while you hold the plant in place with your left. Tread the soil firmly so plant stands solid and after finishing planting water well. Be liberal with this first watering as it is not for the purpose of wetting the soil but to flood the soil around the roots. The best time to do this planting is after the frosty nights are gone and before it gets too warm, say about the end of February. It will not be cold enough to nip or retard the young sprouts and warm weather will soon begin so the newly planted Rose will grow right along. As soon as the warm weather begins put a 4 inch mulch (layer of manure to be left on top) on the bed and be sure that the roses have plenty of moisture at all times of their growing period. It only takes three phases in Rose cultivating—you have to supply water, and plenty of it, manure and lots of it, and pruning which is perhaps the least of all, as the rose has to grow first, before pruning becomes necessary. An article on pruning will appear in due time.

## The Vegetable Garden

By Walter Birch



So often happens, the early rains of last month did not amount to much immediately around San Diego, although in same sections, 15 to 30 miles back the ground got a good soaking.

This means that for the average home garden, the first requisite is to run water slowly in furrows about three feet apart, until your ground is thoroughly soaked two or three feet deep. When the surface is sufficiently dry rake it over, and then in a day or two, when the ground is dry enough to dig, spade it up thoroughly to a depth of a foot, when the soil is so that it will separate readily and work up finely.

Some well-rotted manure spaded in will help out a lot, and if your land is heavy and inclined to be sour, add a few pounds of air-slacked lime. It will make the land much easier to work, and at the same time makes the plant foods in the soil more easily available to the plants.

Do not prepare your ground in a hurried manner. Sow and plant less, but what you do do it thoroughly. If necessary plant your garden a small piece at a time, and do it well. Remember you can keep on planting more or less from now until well into next summer, and a number of vegetables you can plant every month in the year. A good seed bed well worked up and properly fertilized,

and then worked down to the proper tilth before you sow your seed, is the most important part of the whole programme. Another very important thing is the depth you plant your seed. Most people plant too deep. They tell you with a grave face and injured air that the lettuce and carrot seed was no good, and on inquiring you find that they planted it two to three inches deep, and expected it to come up in California. Small seeds of this kind should be planted one-half inch deep and most beans and peas from two to three inches.

Talking of the smaller seeds, you can readily see that in a climate like ours, with the quick drying-out power of the sun at almost any time of year, how essential it is to have a well prepared seed bed, stored with moisture and everything in favor of feeding the tiny rootlets of the seed during its first struggle for existence.

It is timely during November to plant Rhubarb roots, Asparagus, Cabbage, Cauliflower and Kale plants. In peas try some Blue Bantam, a semi-dwarf of extra large pod, good bearer and quick producer and new in this part of the state. Keep on planting all the hardy vegetables, and don't neglect the ones you have already planted. As the weather gets colder a judicious stirring of the soil helps wonderfully, especially when your soil is heavy and inclined to be cold.

# Attacked by Helix Pisano

G. R. GORTON, County Horticultural Commissioner

Some two months ago the attention of the writer was directed to the fact that San Diego County enjoyed the doubtful distinction of being the only locality in America in which there existed the snail, **Helix Pisana**, a dangerous enemy of cultivated crops. Steps were immediately taken in cooperation with the State Insectary to determine the extent of the infestation and the means of control which would probably prove most effective.

An inspection of the locality where the pest was reported, showed it was, fortunately, confined almost entirely to a small canyon which extended upward from the ocean, about three city blocks in length, and to some of the level ground contiguous thereto. Strangely enough, the pest has devoted itself more particularly to the wild oats, saltgrass, wild buckwheat, agaves, etc., which covered the vacant property in that vicinity. The snails were, however, found to be exceedingly abundant in this wild growth, hanging crowded together in enormous clusters, especially on the wild oats and buckwheat which they seemed to particularly favor. Inspector McLean, who first inspected the locality, counted eight hundred snails on a single buckwheat plant less than two feet in diameter and about eighteen inches high.

Because of the known destructiveness of this species of snail in the Mediterranean regions of Europe and Africa, where it is reported to attack both field and orchard crops, especially the buds and blossoms of the citrus trees, foliage of olives, loquats, etc., it seemed imperative that the pest be eradicated while it was confined to this comparatively isolated portion of San Diego County, where there are no citrus or other cultivated crops to any extent for several miles in any direction. Arrangements were therefore made with the property owners who were accessible to cooperate in burning over all of the infested area, which it was possible to treat in this manner and to spray portions which could not be burned over with a solution of alum water, in proportions of one pound of crude lump alum to eight gallons of water. In the process of looking up the owners of the various portions of the infested area, it was discovered that in order to obtain quick action it was possible for this department to avail itself of a city ordinance which requires a clean-up of vacant lots under a five day notice served upon the property by the fire marshal. Under the circumstances it seemed as if matters could be handled more expeditiously in this manner than to follow the regular course of serving the usual form of Hor-

tical notice upon absentee owners. Copies of this notice signed in blank by the fire marshal were provided and served on the lots in question, and after the period had elapsed the undersigned and two inspectors burned over the worst infested portion comprising about two-thirds of the total area. The growth covering the portion burned consisted principally of wild oats in a "bone-dry" condition, so that it burned readily and effectively in that as nearly as could be determined at that time practically every snail within the burned area was killed. Occasional small patches of salt grass which would not burn readily were sprayed first with distillate and then ignited. Portions of the sidewalk, curbing, etc., were treated with a plumbers blow torch fastened to a long handle for convenience and this method was found to be very effective though somewhat slower than if the blow torch had been equipped with a device to spread the flame laterally. In spraying the distillate to facilitate burning, an ordinary knapsack spray pump was employed. All the equipment which was used was rather hastily prepared and it is probable as further progress is made improvements will suggest themselves.

Investigations were made in an attempt to determine the possible means by which this pest could have been introduced but no satisfactory explanation was arrived at. At first it was suggested that possibly the snails might have been introduced with plants imported from Europe to one of the gardens adjoining, but the fact was established that no plants had been imported to this particular garden, so that the possibility was removed. The other possibility which suggested itself was that the pest might have been innocently introduced by individuals for purposes of study as was the **Gipsy Moth**, but there is no basis of fact to substantiate this theory. Mounted specimens which had been collected at La Jolla, where the infestation exists, were found in two local museums. These specimens had been collected and placed there as long ago as June 1914, although their presence was not reported to this department until about the first part of September. There was no data on record at either of the Museums to give any clue as to how the snail might have been introduced.

**Helix Pisana** is a comparatively small snail, averaging less than three-fourths inch in diameter and is believed to have but one generation a year. Apparently this species remains dormant during the summer, and com-



mences egg laying about this time of year, laying its eggs in moist soil as does the common species, *H. aspersa*. *Helix Pisana* is a day time feeder.

After the present treatment of infested area has been completed it is planned to allow about two or three weeks to elapse to

allow any eggs, which might be present to hatch out when the locality will be reinspected and additional treatment applied if necessary. In fact, reinspections will be made after that to keep in touch with any live snails which give appearance from time to time.

## An August Day in the Llagunas

Dr. Lena Creswell

" 'Tis time for my vacation;  
I feel it ev'ry day;  
Altho' I love my station,  
I yearn to be away.  
The long year 'round I ponder,  
With joy the world of books—  
In August days I'd wander  
Through pleasant country nooks."

With August days came a yearning to be away from the din and noise. Descanso, meaning a place of rest, was finally chosen.

On the morning following our arrival at this mountain resort, a trip was taken to Laguna Mountains. Laguna, which means lake, is about sixty miles from San Diego toward the Salton Sea. Long years ago these mountains were discovered by the Indians, later the white men found them. Recently the government has spent \$40,000 on the twelve miles of road winding to the top. The morning was beautiful, the air was full of that snappy crispness that belongs to the mountains in the autumn.

The blue birds darted hither and thither as we motored past, singing their cheerful notes over their tasks. It is with birds as it is with people; if you want to retain their friendship, don't bother them when they are busy.

The majestic live oaks arched over the narrow road along the Sweetwater River. In the thickets the wild roses were rubbing their cheeks together as tho' they loved each other. A humming bird hovered near and then with rapidly beating wings, darted away. This brought to mind what Swedenborg said in regard to birds: That they correspond to thoughts good or bad; that the humming bird corresponds to fleeting thoughts, and owing to its lovely colors represents our very best thoughts, that these thoughts like the hummers, live on nectar or what is best in us, which corresponds to it in spirit.

We soon found ourselves crossing the beautiful Pine Valley and within a few miles travel suddenly came upon the pines. Strange as it may seem, there were no pine trees on the ranch we had just left, nor over the road

we had just come. There are two varieties, altho' they look very much alike. We were told that the leaves of the Jeffery Pine were longer and stronger than those of the Ponderosa and when the leaves of the former are crushed they are more fragrant.

The hillsides were covered with chaparral and white sage. In the open spaces colossal live oaks grew luxuriantly. While the roadsides were graced with the big manzanita, its red bark curling like tissue paper. In the low places along the creek grew the great sycamores.

The ground squirrels frisked about at a safe distance, and a flock of quail crossed the road and fluttered away in the underbrush. Pine Valley is in the game reserve as well as Laguna and animals seem to know this and flock here; deer, quail, doves, rabbits, and other game abound.

This valley is a series of gentle slopes with the soft greens of the mountain sides in shadow. Every leaf seemed to be at peace; the great calm of the valley was like that of another world. The road winds up the steep sides of the mountain, but with the Anglo-Saxon spirit of making the best of everything, we settled down to enjoy the beauty of the new views which were constantly brought before us. Looking down from these heights, one sees the completeness of the beauty around him.

The oak and sycamore canyons are very beautiful. On the other side of the canyon we could see the road over which we had passed, with its curves and sharp turns. Dreamily we scanned the distant mountains where the white mist wreaths hung and drifted below. The top of the highest peaks rose above, like islands at sea. The matilija poppy attracted attention, on the freshly cultivated sides of the road, this poppy, is so named because it grows in abundance in Matilija Canyon (Indian name) above Ventura. It is not common but grows in scattered localities in Southern California. It is a queen among the wild flowers and with its large white tissue-paper, crepe-looking blossoms, presents a magnificent sight.

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# Autumn Gold

LILA FLEMING



At home on my wall there has hung for years a picture entitled "Autumn Gold". It has always stood to me for a symbol of Fairy-land, full and complete. The other day I walked out of doors and suddenly came upon the reality that the picture on my wall portrays. Fairy-land it was indeed, but reached by no mysterious road and guarded by no dragons. It is entered by a common lane, used alike by farmers, children, and homeward wandering cattle. The path through this Fairyland is lined by maples. Not the ordinary common variety, but the exquisite vine maple. Between these it twists and turns, ascending always, for the fairies dwell on higher planes than mortals.

As I moved along this lane in a maze of Autumn gold a strange fancy came to me and I seemed to read a message in the coloring of the leaves.

Who shall say that the Frost Fairies, coming from the upper regions, do not follow this path on their autumn trips to the lowlands? I am sure that as they pass they reach out and touch the leaves of the maples, just as Experience travels past our places of abode and reaches out to touch us with fingers that we sometimes grasp with eagerness, but more often strive to push away in discontent or fear.

The maples, too, have received the touch of the fairy fingers in widely differing ways. Some have yielded themselves gladly and freely to the passing touch and have been glorified. They have left off their indistinctive coloring of green and taken on a glorious hue. They are rich in crimson and gold, yet no one leaf is like to any other. Showing through these new colors is still a glimpse of the old, a shimmer of green to show that the frost has not entirely done away with the individuality of the life it touched.

People there are like these leaves who gladly receive the touch of Experience and are beautified thereby.

Other leaves along the path have shrunk from contact and hidden themselves lest they be touched by the fairy. Less attractive are these to the passerby; just as lives that have shrunk from the touch of Experience give little of beauty and help to the world.

Near these are leaves that stand forth freely exposed to the touch of the fairy fingers and yet they seem to have received none of the beauty brought by such contact. But look at them from another angle and they present a glowing richness of color all unsuspected at the first approach. These are the modest leaves, like to those people whose deeper thoughts and emotions are carefully shielded from the careless observer and revealed only to those who, through some fortunate chance, come upon an open avenue to their soul.

But there are sad leaves along the path, ones that lost their shim-







mering green when the fairy fingers touched them but instead of assuming a new coat of fairer colors are become dull and lifeless. These, like many a human life, have resented the touch of an outside influence, and embittered the springs of life within them to such an extent that no harmonious coloring is possible.

Here, too, are leaves that have been protected by those near to them. They show the effect of the fairy touch only around the edges while the center is as though no outside influence existed. They are enchanting, too, because of the oddity of their coloring, but they lack the glory of their unprotected brothers. They are like protected lives, giving promise of a wonderful radiance, a promise but partially fulfilled.

When the leaves had told their message I who have been often impatient of the fingers of Experience, who have longed for protection at times and envied the lives of my more shielded neighbors, I lifted my eyes and followed the path that the fairies had trod when creating all the splendor around me, while the glory and beauty sank deep into my heart like incense from some wayside altar.

Thus a look into Fairland sweetens life and leaves it richer and braver. We come back from visions like this endowed with new wisdom, more ready, nay, more eager, to face that which life brings, carrying the Gold of the Autumn with us.

## An August Day

*Continued from Page 9*

Sunny meadows were passed with thousands of cattle grazing in the distance, around the sides of these meadows grow the great live oaks. Climbing up through the timber and natural parks, we were full of expectancy as we came to the top of the mountains. Here is a spring of the coldest and best water one ever drank.

We passed the ranger's cabin and the different camping sites, Verde, El Centro, etc. There is also a fifty-two acre tract unimproved which is controlled by the playground department of San Diego. Finally we left the auto and started to walk to the top of Monument Peak. It was interesting as we climbed steadily on over the boulder strewn paths, here and there finding a faintly marked trail. We were now on the roof of Laguna and coming out on the ridge of the summit, the beauty of the view held us spell-bound.

A pile of rocks marked the top where we rested. Standing on the rim and looking down on the Imperial Valley Desert, we saw a succession of ranges and terraces leading down to the Salton Sea. It has a charm of sun and valley of its own. The sea could plainly be seen sleeping in mid-day siesta. From here was a superb view of the desert. We were pilgrims at this shrine of beauty. Here was the spirit of the great western out-of-doors. The view was full of mystery and revelation. The mountains drop from three or four thousand feet into Carrizo Canyon.

As we looked at the desert silent, but mysterious, we wondered what that "something" was that causes the true desert-lover to long

for its silent places. As far as the eye could see there was no sign of a living thing.

The range terraces with the peaks of sandstone, looked like the castles of an ancient city. Away in the distance in the middle of the desert, exquisitely framed by the mountains was the Salton Sea, lying as idle as "A painted ship upon a painted ocean." The mountains blending with the sky were always changing, the tints blended more and more until all melted in a blue or purple haze reflected back by the glowing sky, radiant with sunshine.

Through the vastness and the wonderful stillness our thoughts went out to the world beyond the sky-line, where noble men are toiling earnestly in this great world crisis. The desert was filled with a hazy atmosphere, and the air was so sunny and balmy, it made the mere being alive in it a pleasure. It sweetens the mind and quiets the nerves.

In the live oaks grew that parasite in plant life, the romantic mistletoe with its perfect berries. On the pines we noticed a yellowish moss, which we are told is a leafless variety of the mistletoe. We came to a delightful clearing among the pines in the shadow of some black oaks, which remind us of the east. Here the land slopes down to the lake (now scarcely a mud-puddle). After a lunch and a rest among the pines and oak trees we started back, passing patches of the scarlet bugler and wild geranium.

A little blue flower attracted our attention which the Spanish call "Pintadas florecitas," "Little painted flower." The Indian paint brush struggled by the roadside with its red blossoms full of dust. We were now well on our way down the narrow mountain road. We looked down where the mountains and

*Continued on page 12*



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Alfred D. Robinson, Editor  
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The Garden's volunteer force is badly disorganized and hiding behind a thousand war activities and till a return to normal conditions you may expect anything or nothing.

### MONTHLY MEETINGS

November, Julius Wangenheim, 149 West Juniper Street.

December, Miss H. Coulter, 3162 Second Street.

January, Mrs. M. German, 1860 Third St.

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## Death of Mrs. Robinson

Marion James Robinson, wife of Alfred D. Robinson, died Saturday noon, Nov. 9, at their home at Rosecroft, Point Loma. Private services followed by cremation were held Monday. She is survived by her husband and one daughter.

Those few words tell of the passing of one of the best friends of the San Diego Floral Association from its very inception; the worthy wife of a worthy husband, who together created a garden spot which has ever stood as an example for others to follow, and who were always ready with helpful suggestions or more material help in time of need.

When we think of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, for even now we somehow cannot separate them, we think of flowers, and ferns, green trees and climbing vines, singing birds and playful kittens. Their dahlias, roses, begonias and pansies were as children in a great family, with a recognized responsibility upon the master and mistress to make them happy by provident care.

Mrs. Robinson was of a faith which bids us not to mourn, but we who yet come far short of her far-seeing vision find it hard to believe that death is not unkind when it takes from our best friends those whom they hold most dear. G.K.

## The End of "An August Day"

*Continued from Page 11*

sky were all glowing with tints of color; the air hung purple and reflected purple again each tint paler than before. Cuyamaca Mountain, with its central station for the rangers, ever in sight, adding to the splendor of the landscape. It took two and a half hours to come down the grade.

After dinner at the ranch house, friends who were always thinking of the pleasure of others, took us for a ride toward Cuyamaca Lake. This was more like going through a great wild park, which every lover of the great out-of-doors would enjoy. After driving until we came to a huge granite rock, left from some preglacial period, we returned as the grey twilight came upon the world. The valley was in shadow, but the sun still reflected on the distant hillsides. The chirp of the cricket came from a clump of grass and was answered by others nearby. The sweet smell of new mown hay floated through the air. A scurry of fur scattered as we approached, and the lovely gray squirrels hurried to places of hiding.

The far light trembled from the moon as it swung at its full over the mountains. The sun was down in the arch-way where it had sunk from view and its last faint rays were reflected in the sky.



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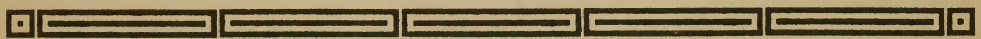
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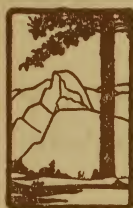
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